

week 5:	in the beginning
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Background Information – use for linking sentences ...

Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell or B-P (as everyone calls him) was born over 100 years ago in London, England on 22 February 1857. His father was a clergyman and a professor at Oxford University. He was one of 7 kids and B-P was child number 5. His godfather was Robert Stephenson, the famous engineer. When B-P was small people were still afraid of travelling by train, yet B-P wanted to be an engine driver.

His father died when he was seven. He loved to draw and after his mother gave him his first lessons and he soon began to draw pictures using both hands. They had no money for lessons so he was largely self-taught.

B-P was given his first lessons by his mother and later attended Rose Hill School, where he gained a scholarship to Charterhouse School. He was always eager to learn new skills and played the piano and the violin. While at Charterhouse he began to exploit his interest in the arts of scouting and woodcraft.

In the woods around the school B-P would hide from his teachers as well as catch and cook rabbits, being careful not to let tell-tale smoke give his position away. The holidays were not wasted either. With his brothers he was always in search of adventure. One holiday they made a yachting expedition round the south coast of England. On another, they traced the Thames to its source by canoe. Through all this Baden-Powell was learning the arts and crafts which would to prove so useful to him professionally.

Games:

1. Steam Release: Ticket Collector

One Cub is a ticket collector, armed with a whistle. The rest, each holding two tickets, are passengers. On the whistle blast, all run for the train. When caught, they need to surrender a ticket to the collector. Change the ticket collector from time to time. See who has the most tickets at the end.

2. Quiet: The World Around You

Games Module: page 46

3. Stalking: The Stalker

Games Module: page 27

4. Team: Town kids versus School kids

Divide the Cubs into two teams – town kids and school kids. Make a dividing wall down the centre of the playing area. The town kids are on the one side of the wall and the school kids are on the other. Teams throw balls of newspaper over the wall. They can return the balls that land on their side.

5. Active: Man Overboard

Play in a small area, inside or out. The Pack Scouter is the Captain of ship in very stormy seas. The crew must obey orders as followed:

- *Man Overboard* – all rush to one side to look for him
- *To the lifeboats* – all rush to opposite sides
- *There's a big one coming* – all hurl themselves flat to prevent their being washed overboard

The fun lies in the Captain's calling orders very rapidly and naturally mixing the sequence.

Out and about – B-P was very observant and noticed many things.

Sense training:

1. **Sight:** Out in the countryside

B-P and his siblings had no money for toys. They made their own and had fun exploring the countryside and studying the creatures that God has made. Each Six studies a marked off area of ground, approximately a meter square for interesting natural plant and animal life.

2. **Taste:** Can you eat that?

Have 8 to 10 different food items which B-P may have had to eat at the boarding school e.g. carrots, cooked rice, fruits, ice cream, etc...

B-P loved to go yachting with his brothers ...

Yarn:

A Yachting Adventure (from B-P's book: *"Lessons from the Varsity of Life"* – best if you read the story first and then tell it in your own words!)

In the larger vessel, too, at home, of which we brothers formed the crew, we faced more risks that are usually involved in yachting, partly because our eldest, a sailor and our skipper, had the wild notion that if we could one day manage to find a ship in distress and help save her we should not only be doing a good deed but incidentally might win a fortune in salvage money. A great idea!

We younger brothers prayed that there might be no poor ships in distress, though we were not thinking entirely of the ship.

One day the call came, when we were lying at anchor in Harwich Harbour. Harwich is a charming place except in an easterly gale, when it is beastly.

On this occasion a pretty bad easterly gale was blowing. The lifeboat went out in response to signals of distress and we, getting under storm canvas as quickly as possible, hustled out to sea too, by a different channel through the sands into a very hideous, yellow tumbling sea. Once outside the scud was flying so thick and the sea was so big that we soon lost sight of the lifeboat and had a perfectly vile time of it.

Still we went on – indeed we had to – threshing through it tooth and nail, hour after hour, without seeing anything.

Our skipper was in his glory all the time and only remarked as night came on: "Ah, that's good. With the darkness we shall be able to locate her by the flares".

But in this we were unsuccessful and when we eventually got in we found that the lifeboat also had failed to locate the distressed vessel which had, in the meantime, been picked up by a tug and was already safe in the harbour.

So, although we lost the salvage, we had gained the experience and we had much more of a like kind in the several years we were at it. Though we gained practice in roughing it and risking it, we never got our salvage!

A bad time we had on another occasion when beating down channel against a rising gale from the south-west. We tried to make Dartmouth, but tide and sea were too much for us, bursting our bob-stay, springing our bow-sprite and smashing in our skylight. We had to wear ship and run before it, a ticklish moment that, when turning round in a heavy sea, with every chance of the whole ship rolling over with you! Ugh!

Then an awful run all night, a real nightmare with big black seas towering behind and trying to overtake and scoop us. Hour after hour lashed to our posts like monkeys with sufficient length of line to enable each to go to the work required of him in his immediate neighbourhood, with steel hard wet ropes to haul upon with blistered, salt watered, half frozen hands.

We were not far off being done for more than once, before we eventually succeeded in rounding up under the lee of Portland Bill. But it was a healthy lesson after all.

It taught us ready discipline and handiness, keeping one's head in danger, team work, each using his wits and best endeavour towards ensuring the safety of the whole."

There were many different things B-P enjoyed doing as a boy, inside but mostly outside.

Craft/Activity:

1. **Activity:** Getting Lost

Brief the Cubs on what to do when they get lost in the veld. Emphasise the buddy system and practice the distress signals; include shouting, mirror reflections and blowing the whistle. If time allows, let the Cubs go outside and practice what they have learnt – let one Cub pretend he/she is lost and send out a distress signal for the rest to find him/her.

2. **Handcraft:** Feed the Birds

B-P loved the outdoors and the wild life – A Scout is a Friend to all Animals. Get the Cubs to make bird feeders to hang around your meeting place or to take home. Encourage the Cubs to notice the different birds that come to the feeders. There are ideas for different feeders in the handcraft module and below.

Pine Cone feeder: All you need is a pine cone and some string plus the food you will use. Tie the string to the top of the pine cone, make sure it is tied tight - you don't want it to fall when a bird lands on it. You can then cover the pine cone with different kinds of food for birds. You can use plain peanut butter to cover the cone, or put the peanut butter on and then roll the cone in bird seed so it sticks to the peanut butter. You can also spread lard all over the pine cone and either leave it plain or roll it in bird seed.

Ground Feeder: Some birds, such as doves, do not like to sit on small little feeders and prefer feeders on the ground. These are easily made by using a tray or aluminum pie plate filled with seeds. Cracked corn is a good type of seed for these feeders as it helps weigh them down so they don't blow away.

String Feeders: Using some thread and a needle, you can make many different kinds of feeders. Always make sure to double up the thread to keep it strong. You can string popcorn, cranberries, raisins and even bread cubes. Make a nice long string of food and then wrap it around tree branches, through bushes or around a railing.

Plastic Pop Bottle or Milk Carton Feeders: This is also a good way to recycle. Take the pop bottle or milk carton and punch two holes through the top of it. Run a string through the holes and tie the ends together to use as a hanger for your feeder. Next, carefully cut out the front of the bottle/ milk carton. Make sure you start cutting a few inches up from the bottom of the bottle and go toward the top. You need to leave enough of a base to be able to fill your feeder. Make sure the opening is big enough for the birds to reach inside, but not so big that the food falls out too easily.

With any kind of feeder, once you start, you need to continue. When birds start coming to your home to eat, they get used to the food being there so it is important to keep feeding them.

B-P loved campfires ...

Singing/Play Acting:

1. **Singing:** B-P Spirit

Singing module: page 29

2. **Playacting:** Yarn tales

Playacting module: page 10. Start a story about an adventure in the great outdoors with B-P and his brothers ...

Advancement covered:

Silver Wolf:

Healthy Mind: Kim's Sight (Sense training)

Gold Wolf:

Hiking: Explain what to do if you get lost in the veld (Activity)